

Promise to Keep

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**recently fell in love with this pairing after reading old halo books. This is just something I wrote when i got sidetracked from writing a Chemistry essay. **

John-117, that was his name. He stared into the deep dark space. He was finally home, well his new home, after Eridanus II and Reach had been destroyed. He was at Earth, the war was finally over, well both of them. He had finished the Human-Covenant war, and had been stranded in space for nearly five years. Over that time, his best friend, Kelly-087 had been married to Fred-104. Even in Cryo, the one name that had been on his mind, was Parisa, he had been reunited with her in the Battle of New Mombasa.

Although he was happy for them, he had wished that there were more survivors of his team. His Spartans, the 32 of them. His friend Sam, had died the day they had received their iconic MJOLNIR Mark-IV suits, this had been followed a death here and there, each of them had been a stab in the heart. Most of the them had perished on Reach, by his bad orders. The survivors of Reach were in turn, mostly wiped out by a bad op in space, the survivors, Kelly-087, Fred-104, Linda-058, and Will-043 had been sent elsewhere.

He was in constant combat against the flood and covenant, with his constant companion Cortana, who now he was denied. Cortana had sacrificed herself to stop the Didact. All he had left of her was a slightly charred Crystal chip, where her essence was stored.

He knew he had to find any marines and officers that he had met in battle that had survived. He also had to get to Halsey, to try to get a new smart AI, hopefully, a resurrection of Cortana. Above all, he

remembered one name, Parisa. He always remembered his promises. As a child, he had promised to marry her, and that was what he would do.

He went up to a clerk. "Could I borrow that?" He asked, in his suit. "Of Course sir." The man squeaked. He came up to the computer, then searched up Parisa, she was still alive, single, and alone. The one note in her file was depression, and the one word that she kept telling them was about a promise. He saved her address to his helmet, and thanked the man. His next stop was the vehicle depot. He quickly checked out an attack falcon, and piloted it to the address. He was thankful that there was a large space in front of the houses where he landed. Locking the Falcon, he took a deep breath before walking up to her door.

Parisa had lived a simple life. She always wore a Uniform. She always kept a Ma5C Assault rifle under her bed, as well as a M6D Magnum on her bedside table. Her numerous ribbons were pinned to a display on the far side of the living room. There were only two pictures in the house, both framed. The first was a portrait of her. The second was a picture of her and John, the boy that she had met years ago, and had promised to marry her.

She sighed with a wave of hurt. She would hold him to his promise, even though he was dead, at the age of six, right after the ONI spooks had talked to him. Then she heard a knock on her door. When she opened it, she was looking at a Seven foot Spartan, with green armor, the type they wore a few years ago, that some still wore. He had the numbers 117 on his right plate. "Master Chief," She breathed. She remembered fighting by his side, five years ago, on New Mombasa. she had barely survived, but she survived because she thought of John. The spartan took his helmet off. He had very pale skin, nice brown hair, and he looked like an older version of John. "Master Chief of the Navy John-117" He said saluting. "Your name's John." She asked. Maybe there was a connection between the two. Then he smiled. "I've come back, Parisa, I always keep my promises." Needless to say, the first thing I did was hug him. "I knew you would keep your promise." I smiled my first smile in many years. "So why are you here?" "I'm here to see you." He answered, also smiling. "You're still my John." She said softly. "I heard you were depressed, so I decided to come." He said, touching my hand with his gauntleted hand. "I was only, for I was worried about you, and I was going to hold you to your promise." "Well how would you like to go out for dinner tomorrow night at 7?" He asked. "Of course. We are betrothed already you know." She was happy, for the first time since John had died, truly happy.

"I love you." She had been the first to say. "I love you too." In a nearby table, he saw Kelly and Fred. He nodded to them, before they walked over. "Hey John." Kelly spoke first. "Who's that?" Fred asked. "Guys, meet Parisa, my friend from before the Spartans." He answered. "You actually remember before training?" Kelly snorted. "I only did when I saw her look at the picture of the two of us back in New Mombasa." "Great, I think you're the only Spartan who remembers anything before indoctrination." Fred grinned. "Well seeya later John." They two returned to their table, leaving John and Parisa by themselves again. As they finished, they stepped outside, drove to John's mansion in a mongoose, and shared their first kiss for both of them, it was their first time. The kiss slowly turned into a make-out session. "I'm going back to the UNSC." She finally said, as she broke

the kiss. "Sure. I am being promoted tomorrow and given my own unit. I'd love it if you became my second in command. Of course, that would mean that you will become a spartan." "Yes. Of course I would."

End
file.